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For the Child at Home.

THE CHEERFUL LITTLE WORKERS.

As I walked along the road near my country home, I came upon black Judy, whitewashing a neighbor's fence, and singing at her work. She is a bright girl of fourteen, always ready with her Sabbath-school lesson, although she has to work hard from morning to night. Her mother is dead; and her father, being rheumatic, can do but little for a living: so that nearly all the support of herself and her father devolves upon Judy.

The child was thinly clad and barefoot, although it was late in autumn, and the ground frozen. And then, when she goes home, there is no cheerful-looking room, with soft carpet on the floor, and pretty pictures on the wall. But Judy's "Never mind, God has made me tough, father," is ever a solace and a strength to the heart of the good man, who loves and fears God.

"Ay, ay!" he answers; "we have enough to keep us warm; and our Father has never yet suffered us to be long without food."

As I went up to Judy on the day alluded to, and said, "Good-morning, Judy; always singing at your work," she replied, —

"Better sing than fret, missus." And the smile which played not only on the lips, but glowed in her beaming eye, made the dark face look light to me.

"Among the Lord's jewels," I said to myself as I walked away, thinking of Judy and her father. And how precious they are to Him who hath redeemed them! Instead of a hovel, they will, one day, have a glorious mansion and a crown of gold.

Now, while I write, another little worker is just passing the house. A pleasing picture it is too. Would you like to see it? It is little Charley Wood, mounted upon a huge load of hay, guiding the two mules; while his father goes before with just such another team, — salt hay to make beds for cattle in winter.

Charley is a little fellow, and looks like a small bundle as he bobs up and down with the motion of the wagon, the roads being rough.

But "he is big enough to help father," as he says, though but twelve years old. So he turns his hand to any thing which is in his power, saying to himself, "It is God who gives me this to do."

There goes another little helper. Why, I wonder if all the family of them are out to-day. Ah! that is little Christina Schmidt, a German girl. She has been to the village, two miles distant, with her mother, and is helping all she can too. For, while mother carries the baby and a big bundle, Crissy carries a smaller bundle, and draws her little brother in his wagon; for these poor people have no servants at home to leave their children with. So Mrs. Schmidt takes her little ones with her for safe keeping.

Crissy is only nine years old, but is a brave little



"FIRE, IF YOU DARE!"

I WANT to explain to you this picture. I need not tell you, so near the Fourth of July, what the stars and stripes mean. But you see two flags: the other is the British flag. And why have those flags been brought out? To save the life of a poor man condemned to die. Those soldiers, as may be seen by their uniforms, are Spaniards. They have been ordered to shoot the prisoner; and now they are taking aim, ready to fire in a moment. Why do they not? Because he is an AMERICAN CITIZEN, and an Englishman by birth; and the American and English consuls, hearing of his case, have declared that the Spanish Government has no right to put him to death. So they have brought out

their flags, and hold them before him, and say to the soldiers, "Now fire a shot if you dare! for, if you do, you defy the nations represented by those flags."

Let me tell you now what that great preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, said about this: "There stood the man, and before him the soldiery; and though a shot might soon have ended his life, yet he was as invulnerable as though in a coat of triple steel. Even so Jesus Christ has taken my poor, guilty soul, ever since I believed in him, and has wrapped around me the blood-red flag of his atoning sacrifice; and before God can destroy me, or any other soul that is wrapped in the atonement, he must insult his Son, and dishonor this sacrifice. And that he will never do, blessed be his name!"

worker. She, with Judy and Charley, always brings a penny every Sabbath to help send good books to those who have none; for each one of them loves that beautiful verse, "*The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.*" So they give their pennies and their little home-services cheerfully.

M. P. H.



My son, forget not my law; but let thy heart keep my commandments:

For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.

Let not mercy and truth for sake thee: bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thy heart:

So shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding.

In all thy way acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Prov. III. 1-6.

For the Child at Home.

"THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH."

Some thirty years ago, a new family moved into the neighborhood where I lived. They were strangers, and very poor. The man worked by the day for any of the surrounding farmers who wished to employ him. One day, his little son Arthur accompanied him to his work to play with the children of his employer; and, while he was there, an event occurred on the premises which caused a law-suit, and the contending parties met in the court-room. Witnesses on both sides were examined; and, although there was some discrepancy in the testimony, it seemed plain that the case would be decided in favor of the defendant.

After the witnesses on both sides had been examined, the plaintiff's counsel said he had some additional testimony that he wished to introduce, and led Arthur B—— to the witness-stand. He was only eight years old, and very small of his age: his dress was clean, but the elbows of his spencer and the knees of his pants were neatly patched; his boots had been mended, but were so carefully polished that the seams were scarcely visible; his snow-white collar was tied with a faded black ribbon; and his flaxen curls were brushed from his noble forehead.

"Doubtless the court will be greatly enlightened by the testimony of that baby," said the opposing lawyer. "I will ask him the first question." Then, turning to the timid boy, he said in his blandest manner, "My little man, I suppose your father told you what to say; didn't he?"

"Yes, sir," said Arthur with downcast eyes and trembling voice.

"And what did he tell you to say?" said he, fixing his eyes sternly on the boy. The hot blood mounted to his brow as he drew himself up to his fullest height, and unflinchingly met the stern gaze of his questioner, and said, "My father told me to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and, sir, I am a-going to do it." And then, in a clear and understanding manner, he related what he saw and heard.

His statements formed the missing links in the testimony; and the jury, after sitting five minutes, returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

The writer soon removed from the State, and for many years heard nothing from the truthful boy. But recently a paragraph appeared in a newspaper, stating that Arthur B—— had been re-appointed judge of the Supreme Court, and that the appointment gave general satisfaction; for he was a man of such strict integrity, that even his political opponents could find no fault with his upright course.

E. H.

For the Child at Home.

HATE.

"This is a very bad word," some of my little friends will say. "My mother tells me not to use it." Yes, my mother used to say the same thing to me; only she added a little to it. "You must never hate any thing *but sin*," she used to say; "and that you may hate with a perfect hatred."

For you see, little one, that the Bible sometimes says hate; and therefore it must be right to use it in some cases.

God hates — what? What God hates we surely may. Now, what is it? Sin; all evil; every thing that is wicked. Read, in Prov. vi. 16-19, the seven things which the Lord doth hate. They include all the forms of sin, — pride, lying, anger, impure thoughts, disobedience, evil-speaking, and tale-bearing. Now, these things you and I must hate too.

Once I heard a little girl say, "How I do hate that ugly Tom Brown! oh, I do hate him so!" Ah! that's the kind of hate your mother has told you is wrong. God never hates persons: it is only the sin these persons do. He hates the sin; but the sinner he loves. And that is just what we must do. We may hate every wicked temper and word and act in ourselves and in others; but, as we can not hate ourselves, we must not hate others either. No: we must love and pity them just as God does. This is to be godly, godlike.

A poor old colored woman used sometimes to come and see me. Very poor she was: but she was godly; and that made her fair and rich and honored and loved in God's sight. She was one of those he has set apart for himself. One day, she was talking about the Bible and good things; and all of a sudden she cried out, "Oh, how I do hate sin! I can't tell you how ugly it looks to me. Why, it is just as if a horrid serpent was in my path, springing at me with his mouth open, and his tongue out, all ready to sting me. And, oh, I am so afraid!" — "And what do you do, Betsy?" I asked her. "Why, I cry to Jesus to help me; and then I run away as fast as I can. Oh! I do hate it so!" If we had such a hatred and fear of sin as Betsy had, do you think we should be so often caught in its cruel fangs? When those seven dreadful sins that God hates are ready to spring like serpents upon us, if we loathed them, and fled, we should not have so much cause for sorrow and shame as we often have; should we?

And I must repeat what I said before, lest you should forget. We may hate sin in others just as much as in ourselves: only we must be very careful not to hate the sinner. We are very apt to put this upside down, and hate the sinner more than the sin he has committed. We turn from him, treat him unkindly, and act as though we thought ourselves better than he is: and while we stand aside, and withhold our confidence from him, he, of course, loses all confidence in us; and so a line of separation gets drawn between us, which hinders our doing him any good afterward. This is very bad. This is not the way God does. When we sin against him, he feels very sorry for us; for he knows how unhappy we are making ourselves: and he heaps his kindnesses upon us, and so tries to win us over to what is good and right.

"Doesn't he punish sin?" you ask. Oh, yes! he must do that when we keep on sinning: but he tries every way first to make us feel sorry for it, so that we may repent of it and be forgiven. He loves to forgive more than to punish.

And we must do as God does. Let us love and hate, from this time, after his pattern.

Hate is a very strong word, — one of the strongest expressions of dislike that we can use. But it is not too strong for the ugly, hideous monster, Sin, for which we are allowed to use it. Sin, you know, is a transgression of the law of God; disobedience to

our heavenly Father; and it is said in the Bible to be "exceeding sinful," "abominable." We can hardly understand how bad it is. It is mean, loathsome, despicable, monstrous; because it is disobedience and ingratitude against the great God who made us, and placed us in a bright and beautiful world, and has given us every thing to enjoy. More than that, he is tender, patient, and kind toward us in all our naughtiness; and when he saw that we had sinned so that we must die, and lose all hope of happiness in the other life, he sent his own dear Son into the world to suffer and die in our stead. He sent Jesus to be punished for us, so that we might be forgiven and go to heaven. Oh wondrous love! The loving-kindness of God is perfectly unspeakable; and it is that which makes sin so very hateful in his eyes and in the sight of the holy angels. Just as the bright sunlight makes all the folds and features of the serpent horribly visible, so that we start back in terror from it; so the light of God's great love shining upon sin makes it appear most abominable.

Now, little friends, you see that you may sometimes use this strong, bad word. I must say to you in the language of David, "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil;" and in the words of the prophet Amos, "Hate the evil, and love the good." I hope you will never reverse this, like some of whom another prophet speaks, who "hate good, and love evil," but, like the good Psalmist, "hate every false way," "hate vain thoughts," and "hate and abhor lying:" "For all these are things that I hate, saith the Lord."

Aunt Emma.



For the Child at Home.

JOHNNY'S CAP.

"Oh, don't! please, don't!" entreated little Johnny Brigham. "My mother made that: and it is all I have got to wear it is indeed!" And the boy put up his chubby hand to wipe away the tears which would come, as his playmates kicked his little cloth cap rudely about amid the dust and dirt of the city street, until it bore but little resemblance to the neat covering he had worn to school in the morning.

"Poh! guess it is! You must be pretty hard up if that's the only cap you've got. Catch me wearing a cap my mother made!" spoke up Joe Lewis sneeringly. "My father buys all my caps: none of your botch-work for me!"

"Mother took a great deal of pains to make my cap; and I ain't ashamed to wear it," retorted Johnny bravely. "My father has been sick all winter;

and mother said, if I would be a good boy, and wear this, I should have a nice new hat next summer. So please give me my cap, Joe; for I shall have to wear it; and I want to take good care of it."

"Here, baby, take your precious cap!" called out Joe tauntingly; and, as Johnny sprang eagerly to catch it, his unfeeling playmate tossed it roughly back into the dirt again, and laughed long and loudly over Johnny's disappointment.

"Boo-hoo-oo-o! Will your mammy whip you if you spoil your cap? Poor little baby! Shall I wipe his tears away?" And Joe picked up Johnny's dusty cap, and made a movement to wipe his schoolmate's face with his fond mother's soiled handiwork.

"Shame on you, Joe Lewis!" spoke up Harry Gilbert, one of the larger boys, who had taken no part in this affair, but who now came to the rescue, thinking it about time for some one to interfere. "Don't you see you've kicked Johnny's cap until it is isn't fit to be seen? Yes, and you've torn it too," he added indignantly. "Oh, shame on you, I say, to torment a little boy like that!"

"It's none of your business!" exclaimed Joe sullenly. "The cap doesn't belong to you."

"No; but I shall make it my business: and, if you don't stop this cowardly sport, our teacher shall hear of it. Oh! no use to give him his cap now," continued Harry, whose sympathies were thoroughly roused by Johnny's evident distress: "it isn't fit for anybody to wear, least of all for a tidy little boy like our Johnny here."

"Do as you like with it, then!" shouted Joe, who, under the influence of Harry's threats, had started to restore the cap to its rightful owner; and, flinging it at Harry's feet, he turned to leave the playground.

"Not so fast, my friend," replied Harry promptly, laying his hand firmly on Joe's shoulder. "You have been the ring-leader in this mischief; and you must do your share toward repairing it, if you wish to have it kept from the teacher. Johnny must have a new cap; and you boys who have helped to ruin his old one, will, I hope, have the manliness to get him another. What Johnny said is true: his father is unable to work, and the family are obliged to be economical; and, though Johnny had set his heart on having a new cap like mine, when he found he could not have it he contented himself with one of home manufacture without any complaints. Now, boys, if you have not hearts of stone, you will make up Johnny's loss to him."

Harry's speech had a powerful effect; and, in less than ten minutes, a dozen boys, including Joe Lewis, who was now thoroughly ashamed of himself, had subscribed enough to get Johnny a cap such as he had longed for the first of the winter. Harry himself contributed a generous sum, and those who had not the money with them brought it to school in the afternoon; and, before night, Johnny was in quiet possession of a cap such as any school-boy might be proud to wear. And, moreover, the boys who had united first in making Johnny miserable, and afterward thoroughly happy, formed a league hereafter to protect each other's property, especially all home-made caps like Johnny's; and their example might well be followed by the boys of other schools.

What think you, boys, — is not Harry Gilbert's conduct worthy your admiration? If so, protect each other's rights; and do not trample your school-fellow's property or his feelings in the dust.

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

THE WILD-CAT.

When Christopher Columbus discovered America, we are told that another discovery was made. A hunter, probably one of the crew of his little fleet,

brought to him a wild-cat which he had found in the woods; and in the southern portions of the United States, especially in Louisiana, the wild-cat is still found in abundance. The dense swamps that border on the Mississippi protect them from the gun of the hunter; and the Dismal Swamp of North Carolina also furnishes them a secure retreat.

The wild-cat is larger than our gentle house-cat; face flatter, muscles very strong, and its teeth and claws far more formidable. The tail is not very long, but very thick and flat, marked with alternate bars of black and white, the end being tipped with black. The hips and lower joints of the leg are black, and its body marked with black, in streaks like the tiger; though the color of its fur, which is very long and fine, giving it the appearance of a much larger animal than it really is, varies with the climate.

The blue-cat, well known in France, and found also in England, originally came from Persia. Though in its form and figure resembling the ordinary cat, it is far more beautiful in the luster and color of its skin. The tail, which is very long, and covered with hair six inches in length, it throws gracefully upon its back like the squirrel; and its whole body is covered with gray-blue fur, soft and glossy as silk. Besides these, there is a variety larger than the common cat, larger even than our wild-cat, — the cat of Angora, or the lion-cat, so called because of the



long hair hanging around its head and neck, giving it a very lion-like appearance.

At night, or in the early morn, the wild-cat comes abroad in search of prey. Noiselessly stepping over the dry forest-leaves, its long claws hidden in the softly-cushioned feet, seeking for the burrow on the ground, or ascending the forest-tree with almost the ease of a bird, it robs the little nest of its precious treasure. The poultry-yard, the sheep-fold, alike are invaded to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It hunts down the rabbit, coon, and possum, or, springing from some elevated bough, catches the merry little warbler perched beneath, and, not for a moment stopping in its progress, descends to the ground with the speed of an arrow and the softness of a feather.

"Nothing," says an English writer, "can exceed its beauty of motion when in pursuit of game, or sporting in play. No leap seems too formidable; no attitude is ungraceful. It runs, flies, leaps, skips, and is at ease in an instant of time: every hair of its body seems redolent with life. In expression of face, the wild-cat singularly resembles the rattlesnake, — the skulls of each having the same venomous expression, the same demonstration of fangs; and probably no two creatures living attack each

other with more deadly ferocity and hate. They will stare at each other with eyes filled with defiance, and burning with fire, — one hissing, and the other snarling, presenting a most malevolent picture of passion; the serpent in its attitudes all grace, and the cat all activity. The serpent moves with the quickness of lightning while making the attack: the cat defends itself with motions equally quick, bounding from side to side, striking with its paws. Both are often victors; for they seldom separate until death-blows have been inflicted on either side."

A sad picture! But a sadder one than this is often seen: and it makes my heart ache when I think that daily in our streets, lanes, and alleys, children, with their young faces flushed and distorted with anger, are fighting one another, whilst cruel words it makes one shudder to hear burst from their lips; and over their food, if they do not growl, they utter not one word of thankfulness. I know not that the children who do such naughty things will ever read what I am writing; yet, hoping that they may, I will beg them to stop their quarreling and fighting, or they will become the prey of that fierce hunter Satan, who goes about seeking to devour, and, like the hunter hunting the untamable, quarrelsome wild-cat, thinks it pleasant sport. If in the fold of the Great Shepherd you would be, you must love one another.

Cousin E.

For the Child at Home.

OUT OF MY WINDOW.

Here is the picture, just as I saw it; and it was just at the close of a bitter-cold day, — so cold, that just to look out made one feel like getting a little closer to the warm, bright fire in the grate.

The wind was blowing so hard, that the few strong men who were obliged to be out held their cloaks tightly about them. The trees bent their gray branches until they almost snapped, every now and then loosening from their hold a handful of glittering icicles; and amid the rush of wind and snow, out into the falling darkness, went the unsteady steps of a little girl not more than ten years old.

She was thinly clad; and her face had a worn and half-starved look, as if she had never known what comfort meant.

If she had ever known any thing about it, it must have been a long, long time ago.

She went on as far as the corner; and there she came to a full stop before a baker's window.

How wistfully, then how eagerly, she looked at the fresh white loaves piled there! Once she stretched out her purple hand as if she would have grasped one; then, while a look of sudden fear crossed her face, she drew back among the shadows.

I put on a shawl and hood, and hastened out to her; but the kind-hearted baker was before me. He had watched her through his window, and had brought her a big basket with five or six loaves of bread and the generous remains of his dinner.

She thanked him, while the tears rolled down her face; and then I made her come home with me, and warm herself by my fire. Before she went away, I asked her what made her wear such a look of fear as she looked in the window.

"I wanted to steal a loaf, ma'am; but it was only for a minute."

"And you were afraid some one would see you?"

"I remembered that God was looking right down into my heart, and I was afraid to think a theft."

"Then you thought he would have been angry with you if you kept the evil thought in your heart?" I asked kindly.

"O ma'am!" she answered, "I thought I was

